NUMB. CXXXI

The SPECTATOR.

——Ipſæ rurſum concedite Sylvæ. Virg.

Tueſday, July 31. 1711.

It is uſual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preſerve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himſelf upon thoſe that belong to his Neighbour. My Friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three Miles from his Houſe, and gets into the Frontiers of his Eſtate, before he beats about in ſearch of an Hare or Partridge, on purpoſe to ſpare his own Fields, where he is always ſure of finding Diverſion when the worſt comes to the worſt. By this means the Breed about his Houſe has time to encreaſe and multiply, beſides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and does not lie ſo thick as to produce any Perplexity or Confuſion in the Purſuit. For theſe Reaſons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, ſeldom preys near his own Home.

In the ſame manner I have made a Month's Excurſion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sportſmen of my Species, to try my Fortune in the Country, where I have ſtarted ſeveral Subjects, and hunted them down with ſome Pleaſure to my ſelf, and I hope to others. I am here forced to uſe a great deal of Diligence before I can ſpring any thing to my Mind, whereas in Town, whilſt I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am croſſed in my Way by another, and put up ſuch a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes that they foil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greateſt Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to chuſe it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole Month's Reſt to the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, I promiſe my ſelf abundance of new Game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the Country, ſince I find the whole Neighbourhood begin to grow very inquiſitive after my Name and Character. My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity and particular way of Life having raiſed a great Curioſity in all theſe Parts.

The Notions which have been framed of me are various; ſome look upon me as very proud, and ſome as very melancholly. *Will. Wimble*, as my Friend the Butler tells me, obſerving me very much alone, and extreamly ſilent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a Man. The Country People ſeem to ſuſpect me for a Conjurer, and ſome of them hearing of the Viſit that I made to *Moll. White*, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a Cunning Man with him, to cure the old Woman, and free the Country from her Charms. So that the Character which I go under in part of the Neighbourhood is what they here call a White *Witch*.

A Juſtice of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's Party, has it ſeems ſaid twice or thrice at his Table, that he wiſhes Sir Roger does not harbour a Jeſuit in his Houſe, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make me give ſome Account of my ſelf.

On the other ſide, ſome of Sir Roger's Friends are afraid the old Knight is impoſed upon by a deſigning Fellow, and as they have heard that he converſes very promiſcuouſly when he is in Town, do not know but he has brought down with him ſome diſcarded Whig, that is ſullen, and ſays nothing, becauſe he is out of Place.

Such is the Variety of Opinions that are here entertained of me, ſo that I paſs among ſome for a diſaffected Perſon, and among others for a Popiſh Prieſt;

Prieſt; among ſome for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer; and all this for no other Reaſon, that I can imagine, but becauſe I do not hoot and hollow and make a Noiſe. It is true my Friend Sir ROGER tells them *that it is my way*, and that I am only a Philoſopher, but that will not ſatisfy them. They think there is more in me than he diſcovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for nothing.

For theſe and other Reaſons I ſhall ſet out for *London* to Morrow, having found by Experience that the Country is not a Place for a Perſon of my Temper, who does not love Jollity, and what they call Good-Neighbourhood. A Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Gueſt breaks in upon him, and does not care for ſacrificing an Afternoon to every Chance-comer, that will be the Maſter of his own Time, and the Purſuer of his own Inclinations, makes but a very unſociable Figure in this kind of Life. I ſhall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make uſe of that Phraſe, and get into the Crowd again as faſt as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raiſe what Speculations I pleaſe upon others without being obſerved my ſelf, and at the ſame time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finiſh the Month, and conclude theſe my Rural Speculations, I ſhall here inſert a Letter from my Friend WILL. HONYCOMBE, who has not lived a Month for theſe forty Years out of the Smoke of *London*, and rallies me after his way upon my Country Life.

Dear SPEC,

'I ſuppoſe this Letter will find thee picking of Daiſies, or ſmelling to a lock of Hay, or 'paſſing away thy time in ſome innocent Country 'Diverſion of the like nature. I have however 'Orders from the Club to ſummon thee up to 'Town, being all of us curſedly afraid thou wilt 'not be able to reliſh out Company, after thy Converſations with *Moll. White* and *Will. Wimble*. 'Prithee don't ſend us up any more Stories of a 'Cock and a Bull, nor frighten the Town with 'Spirits and Witches Thy Speculations begin 'to ſmell confoundedly of Woods and Meadows. 'If thou doſt not come up quickly, we ſhall con'cludethou art in Love with one of Sir ROGER's 'Dairy Maids. Service to the Knight. Sir AN'DREW is grown the Cock of the Club ſince he 'left us, and if he does not return quickly will 'make every Mother's Son of us Common-wealths 'Men.

Dear SPEC,

Thine Eternally,

WILL. HONYCOMBE.

ERRATA.

In the laſt Spectator, Col. 3. *lin.* 59. *for* Country *read* Republick: Ibid. *for* Courts *read* Countries,

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of June, are to be ſold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-Houſe, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings; Mrs. Boulter next the Roſe Tavern at Temple Bar; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate; Mr. Lloyd near the Church in the Temple; Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard; Mr. Round in Exchange Alley, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-lane; where alſo may be had thoſe for the Months of March, April and May.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Acted but once theſe Twenty Years.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this preſent Tueſday being the 31ſt day of July will be Reviv'd a Comedy Call'd The Volunteers, or the Stock Jobbers. The Part of Blunt by Mr. Croſs, Hackwell Mr. Norris, Hackwell Jun. Mr. Booth, Wellford Mrs. Mills, Sir Nicholas Dainty Mr. Pack, Sir Timothy Kaſtril Mr. Bullock, Nickum Mr. Bullock Jun. Teraſia Mrs. Saunders, Eugenia Mrs. Bradſhaw, Clara Mrs. Porter, Winifred Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Hackwell Mrs. Powel.

At the Indian Man in Ruſſel-Street Covent-Garden, is a Parcel of rich Jewels, viz. a Brilliant Diamond String of Croſs, Ear-Rings, Rings, Buckles, Pendants, and alſo fine Lace, Silks, Muſlins, and other valuable Goods, to be diſpoſ'd of at reaſonable Rates; the whole amounting to 675 l. which, for the Encouragement of Buyers, will be divided into 360 Shares, the leaſt whereof is 10 s. Value, and the leaſt 10 s. Any one of theſe may be purchaſed for the little Sum of Half a Crown, as may be further more at large at the Place of Sale, where Attendance will be given till all the Goods be ſold. It being not quite full, is put off till the 23d of Auguſt.

Whereas ſeveral Advertiſements have been publiſh'd giving Notice that there will be Books opened, wherein any could ſee their Numbers in the Claſſes of the 2 Million Lottery Immediately; now this is to prevent Gentlemens being Impoſed on by ſuch Books, for beſides the Benefits that are printed every Book Blanks alſo of every Claſs as drawn will be printed by Order of the Directors and Managers, with the utmoſt Expedition, by Andrew Bell at the Croſs Keys and Bible in Cornhill near Stocks Market.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

An Account of the preſent State and Government of the Empire of Germany: In a Letter to Thomas Foley of Whitley in the County of Worceſter, Eſq; by M. Le Vaſſor. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

The Retir'd Gard'ner, or, Dialogues between a Gentleman and a Gard'ner: Containing the Methods of Making, Ordering and Improving a Fruit and Kitchin-Garden, together with the Manner of Planting and Cultivating Flowers, Plants, Shrubs and Under-Shrubs, neceſſary for the Adorning of Gardens, &c. To which is explain'd, the Art of Making and Diſpoſing of Parterres, Arbours of Greens, Wood-Works, Arches, Columns, and other Pieces and Compartments uſually found in the moſt Beautiful Gardens of Country-Seats. The whole enrich'd with Variety of Figures, being a Tranſlation from the Sieur Louis Liger. To which is added, a Deſcription and Plan of Count Tallard's Garden at Nottingham. The whole Reviſ'd, with ſeveral Alterations and Additions, which render it proper for our Engliſh Culture, by George London, and Henry Wiſe. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over againſt Catherine-Street in the Strand.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in: as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.